

THE GRAND RIVER TIMES.

VOLUME 1.

GRAND HAVEN, MICHIGAN, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1851.

NUMBER 10.

THE GRAND RIVER TIMES

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING, BY
BARNES & ANGEL.

Office over H. Griffin's Store, Washington Street.
TERMS.—Payment in Advance.

Taken at the office, or forwarded by Mail.....\$1.00.
Delivered by the Carrier in the Village..... 1.50.
One shilling in addition to the above will be
charged for every three months that payment is
delayed.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are
paid, except at the discretion of the publishers.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

One Square, (12 lines or less,) first insertion, fifty
cents, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent
insertion. Legal advertisements at the rates pre-
scribed by law. Yearly or monthly advertisements
as follows:

1 square 1 month, \$1.00.	1 square 1 year, \$5.00.
1 " 3 " 2.00.	1 column 1 " 20.00.
1 " 6 " 3.00.	1 " 1 month, 5.00.

Advertisements unaccompanied with
written or verbal directions, will be published until
ordered out, and charged for. When a postponement
is added to an advertisement, the whole will be
charged the same as for the first insertion.

Letters relating to business, to receive at-
tention, must be addressed to the publishers—post
paid.

Particular attention given to Blank Print-
ing. Most kinds of Blanks in use, will be kept
constantly on hand.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY—1851.

C. DAVIS & CO., Dealers in Dry Goods, Groce-
ries, Provisions, Hardware, Crockery, Boots and
Shoes, &c., &c. Muskegon, Michigan.

C. B. ALBEE, Storage, Forwarding and Com-
mission Merchant, and Dealer in Dry Goods,
Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, Boots and Shoes,
&c., &c. Flour and Salt constantly on hand.—
Store, corner Washington and Water streets.
Grand Haven, Mich.

HENRY R. WILLIAMS, Storage, Forward-
ing and Commission Merchant, also Agent for
the Steamer Algoma. Store House at Grand
Rapids, Kent Co., Mich.

BALL & MARTIN, Storage, Forwarding and
Commission Merchants. Grand Rapids, Michi-
gan.

GILBERT & CO., Storage, Forwarding and
Commission Merchants, and dealers in Produce,
Lumber, Shingles, Staves &c., &c. Grand Ha-
ven, Michigan.

F. B. GILBERT, Dealer in Dry Goods, Cloth-
ing, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Crockery
and Stone Ware, Hard Ware, Groceries, Provi-
sions and Ship Stores. Grand Haven, Michigan.

HENRY GRIFFIN, Dealer in Staple and fan-
cy Dry Goods, Ready made Clothing, Boots and
Shoes, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery and Glass,
Drugs, Chemicals, Medicines, Paints and Oils,
and Provisions. Also, Lumber, Shingles, &c., &c.
Opposite the Washington House, Grand Haven,
Michigan.

WILLIAM M. FERRY, Dealer in Dry Goods,
Hardware, Groceries, Provisions, Crockery, Med-
icines, Boots and Shoes. Also, Manufacturer and
dealer in Lumber. Water street, Grand Haven,
Michigan.

HOPKINS & BROTHERS, Storage, Forwarding
& Commission merchants; general dealers in all
kinds of Dry Goods, Groceries, grain and provi-
sions; manufacturers and dealers wholesale and
retail in all kinds of lumber, at Mill Point, Mich.

L. M. S. SMITH, Dealer in Drugs, Medicines,
Paints, Oils and Dye Stuffs, Dry Goods, Groce-
ries and Provisions, Crockery, Hardware, Books,
Stationery, &c., &c. At the Post Office, corner
of Park and Barber streets, Mill Point, Mich.

H. D. C. TUTTLE, M. D. Office, adjoining
Wm. M. Ferry's Store, Water street, Grand Ha-
ven, Michigan.

STEPHEN MONROE, Physician and Surgeon.
Office over J. T. Davis' Tailor Shop. Washing-
ton Street, Grand Haven.

LEVI SHACKLETON, Wholesale and Retail
dealer in Groceries, Provisions and Liquors.—
First door above H. Penney's. Washington
Street, Grand Haven, Michigan.

SIMON SIMENOE, Dealer in Groceries and
Provisions. Washington Street, second door
East of the Ottawa House.

WASHINGTON HOUSE, By HENRY PENNEY.
The proprietor has the past Spring new-
ly fitted and partly re-furnished this House,
and feels confident visitors will find the House
to compare favorably with the best in the State.

WILLIAM TELL HOTEL, By HARRY EA-
TON. Pleasantly situated with excellent rooms
well furnished, and the table abundantly sup-
plied with the luxuries and substantial of life.

JAMES PATTERSON, Painter and Glazier.
House, Sign, and Ornamental Painting done at
Grand Haven. All orders will be promptly at-
tended to, by leaving word at this office. Shop at
Grand Rapids, Michigan.

WILLIAM ORIEL, Boot and Shoemaker.—
Boots and Shoes neatly repaired, and all orders
promptly attended to. Washington street, Grand
Haven, Michigan.

A. H. VREDENBURG, Boot and Shoemaker.
Shop over Wm. M. Ferry's store, Water street.

CHARLES W. HATHAWAY, Blacksmith. All
kinds of work in my line done with neatness and
dispatch at my shop. Mill Point, Michigan.

JOHN T. DAVIS, Merchant Tailor. Shop on
Washington Street, first door west of H. Grif-
fin's Store.

GROSVENOR REED, Prosecuting Attorney
for Ottawa County. Residence at Charleston
Landing, Allendale, Ottawa County, Mich.

HOYT G. POST, Clerk of Ottawa County. Of-
fice over H. Griffin's store, opposite the Wash-
ington House.

WILLIAM N. ANGEL, Register of Deeds, and
Notary Public for Ottawa County. Office over
H. Griffin's store, Washington street, opposite the
Washington House, Grand Haven.

HENRY PENNEY, Treasurer of Ottawa
County. Office over H. Griffin's Store, opposite
the Washington House.

ASA A. SCOTT, Sheriff of Ottawa County.—
Office over H. Griffin's store, opposite the Wash-
ington House.

J. O. O. F., Regular meetings of Ottawa Lodge
No. 46, is held every Wednesday evening, at their
Lodge Room in the Attic of the Washington
House. Members of the Order are cordially in-
vited to attend. Grand Haven, Ottawa Co., Mich.

W. M. Rowland's seven foot mill saws, with teeth
filed for use, of "Ferry's Pattern" for sale by
Wm. M. Ferry.

HYMN OF LIFE.

BY CHARLES MCKAY.

A traveler through a dusty road
Strewed acorns on the sea;
And one took root, and sprouted up,
And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time,
To breathe its early vows,
And Age was pleased, in heats of noon,
To bask beneath its boughs—
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
The birds sweet music bore;
It stood a glory in its place,
A blessing evermore!

A little spring had lost its way,
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary men might turn—
He wailed it in, and hung with care,
A ladle at the brink—
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that toil might drink.
He passed again—and lo! the well
By summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside!

A dreamer dropped a random thought;
'Twas old, and yet 'twas new—
A simple fancy of the brain,
But strong in being true—
It shone upon a genial mind,
'And lo! its light became
A lamp of life—a beacon ray,
A monitor flame.
The thought was small—its issue great—
A watch-fire on the hill;
It sheds its radiance far and wide,
And cheers the valley still!

A nameless man, amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied from the heart—
A whisper on the tumult thrown—
A transient breath—
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O font! O word of love!
O tho't at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty, at the LAST!

LOOKING FOR A PLACE.

"Well Johnny, have you succeeded to-day,
my son?"

"Nothing good to-day, mother. I have been
all over town almost, and no one would take
me. The book stores and dry goods stores and
groceries have plenty of boys already—but I
think if you had been with me I should have
stood a better chance."

"Oh, you look so thin and pale, mother, some-
body would have felt sorry, and taken me—but
nobody knew me—and nobody saw you."

A tear stole down the cheek of the little boy
as he spoke, for he was almost discouraged, and
when his mother saw the tear, not a few ran
down hers also.

It was a cold bleak night, and Johnny had
been out all day for "a place." He had per-
severed although constantly refused, until it was
quite dark and then gave up, thinking his moth-
er must be tired waiting for him.

His mother was a widow, and a very poor one.
She had maintained herself by needle work till
a severe spell of sickness had confined her to her
bed, and she was unable to do more.

She told her little son to sit down by the fire,
while she prepared his supper. The fire and
the supper were very scanty, but Johnny knew
that they were the best she could provide and
he felt that he would rather share such a fire
and such a supper with such a mother, than to
sit at the best filled table with any body else,
who did not love him as she did, and whom he
did not love as he did her.

After a few moments of silence, the boy look-
ed up into his mother's face with more than us-
ual seriousness, and said,

"Mother, do you think it would be wrong to
ask my new Sunday school teacher about it on
a Sabbath?"

"No, my son, not if you have no other oppor-
tunity—and I think he would be a very suitable
person, too; at least, I should think that he
would be interested in getting you a good place."

"Well to-morrow is Sunday, and when the
class breaks up I believe I will ask him."

After reading a portion of God's holy word,
the mother and her little boy knelt down to-
gether in their loneliness, and prayed. The Lord
most earnestly to take care of them. They were
very poor but they knew that God cared for the
poor. They knew also that God would do what
was best for them. Oh, it is a sweet thing to
the soul, to be able to say sincerely "Thy will
be done."

"I feel happier now," said John. "I was so
tired when I came in, that I felt quite cross, I
know I did—did I look so mother?"

The mother's heart was full, and she gave her
boy one long affectionate kiss which was sweet-
er to him than many words.

Next morning was the Sabbath. John's break-
fast was more scanty than ever, but he said not
a word about that, for he saw that his mother
ate very little of it. But one or two sticks of
wood were left outside the door where it was
kept—and he knew that both food and fire
might all be gone before night. They had had
no money to buy any with for several days.

The Sabbath school bell rang. The sun was
shining bright and clear, but the air was excee-
dingly cold. The child had no overcoat, and
was still wearing part of his summer clothing,
and he was in his seat just as the superintendent
and his teacher left.

"Who is that little pale faced boy in your
class?" asked the superintendent to the teacher.
"His name is Jones; he lives on Stone street,
and I must visit him this very week, he is a well
behaved boy."

"I should like to know more about him, and
I shall see him after school."

The superintendent did not forget him, and
when the class broke up, seeing him linger be-
hind the other scholars, went up and took him
by the hand kindly.

"You have been here to school several Sab-
baths, have you not my boy?"

"Yes, sir, I came just a month ago to-day."

"Had you ever been to school before that
time?"

"Yes, sir, before mother was taken sick I used
to go to—street school, but that was a great
way off, and when mother got better and you

opened this new school, she advised me to come
here, as it was so much nearer."

"Well, did I not see you yesterday looking
for a place in Water street?"

"I was down there, sir, looking for a place."
Why did you not take that place which the
gentleman had for you in the large grocery
store?"

"Do you mean the store where the great cop-
per worm stood on the sidewalk?"

"Yes."

"Oh, sir, I didn't know they sold rum there
when I first went in, and when I saw what kind
of a store it was I was afraid."

"Have you a father?"

"No sir; father is dead," said the little boy,
hanging down his head.

"Why did you not keep that piece of gold
money that you found on the floor as you was
coming into the store?"

"Because it was not mine, and I tho't that the
gentleman would find the owner sooner than I
should."

"He did my boy—it was my money. Did you
not get a place yesterday?"

"No, sir, all the places were full, and nobody
knew me."

"Well, my boy, you may go now, and tell
your mother that you have a place. Come to
me very early in the morning—your teacher will
tell you where I live."

Johnny went home with his heart and his
eyes so full that he could hardly see the street
or anything else as he went along. He knew
that it would cheer his dear mother very much,
and so it did. His superintendent procured a
good place for him and they were made comfort-
able and happy.

Surely this story carries its own moral.

THE LOST GEM.—The black waters of the
river of death were rolling sluggishly onward.
There approached one, whose features bore tra-
ces of anxiety and sorrow; and with a bowed
form she gazed into the turbulent stream as
though she would fain descry something far
down in its fathomless depths. A being of be-
nign and celestial aspect appeared at her side;
and said: "What seekest thou, sorrowful
one?" "Alas!" she answered, "I wore a
sparkling jewel upon my bosom. It was no
paltry bauble, but a monarch's gift and invalua-
ble. The wealth of India can yield none to
match it. In an evil hour it dropped from its
resting place into this dark river. For a mo-
ment I saw it float near the brink, and stretched
out my hand to regain it, but it was beyond my
reach and it sunk down, till I saw it no more.
It is gone—lost forever!" And in deep gloom
she turned to depart.

"Stay, mourner! Grieve not but look again
into the water!" She looked and a joy burst
from her lips. "It is there! I see it floating
upon the dismal wave. Oh, shall it not be mine
once more?" The answer: "Nay, but thou
art deceived. What thou seest is but the sym-
blance of what was thine. Yet turn thy eyes
upward and rejoice." She obeyed, and beheld
a star gleaming from a bright azure in the murky
sky, whose rays gave even the waves of that
gloomy river a tinge of brightness, and whose
reflection there she had mistaken for her own
lost gem.

Then came a tender and musical voice as the
beautiful appearance vanished. "Mourner,
these restless billows, though fearful and dark
to thee, roll up to the gate of heaven. Ever
faithful to their trust, they bore the jewel which
was lent, not given to thee, to its rightful owner,
the Monarch of heaven, and transferred to
his care, it will shine forever in his glorious
dwelling place."

The mourner departed with a countenance
thoughtful, yet cheerful, her gaze no longer
bent upon earth or the river of death, but was
meekly and trustingly raised to the heavens.—
And that star, beaming into her spirit with rays
of hope and gladness was ever after, her talis-
man and her guide.

Mother! who weepst for thy little one, so
early lost, that mourner art thou; that star is
thy now angel child! Dry thy tears and ever
rejoice that thou hast a treasure in heaven!
[Lowell Offering.]

SARATOGA SPRINGS.—J. H. Warland, Esq.,
editor of the Lowell Courier, is at Saratoga
Springs. In a recent letter to the Courier, he
relates the following circumstance:

Fifty-nine years ago, when this section of the
town was a barren spot, containing only here
and there a dwelling house, John Taylor Gil-
man, Gov. of New Hampshire, and at the time
a member of Congress from that State, while
on a hunting excursion in the summer, discover-
ed the sparkling water gushing from the cleft
of a rock in the vicinity. Upon trial, the run-
ning stream proved to possess medicinal quali-
ties, and this was the original discovery of the
far-famed mineral springs of Saratoga. In a
few years after, the rock, though smitten, like
that of old in the wilderness, refused to give
out its refreshing draughts, and for a time the
spring was supposed to be irretrievably lost.

But it still continued to dance and rush on un-
seen in its merry sparkling course, beneath the
earth, and one day a resident of the place dis-
covered it bubbling and springing up in the ve-
ry centre of a limpid brook. Immediately turn-
ing the water of the brook from its course, he
reached the lost fountain again. Almost from
that day to this, it has continued to administer
its mineral draughts, imparting its healing influ-
ence to invalids near and from afar. Thou-
sands now flock hither to escape the heat of
warmer latitudes, and revel in idleness and
pleasure, with little thought or care in regard
to what the fountain may contain. But yet it
is to the spring, accidentally discovered by a
citizen of New Hampshire, in 1792, that Sara-
toga owes her present prosperous existence,
and her musical fame—a fame belonging to her
which in the clustering association it awakens
in the mind of the devotee of fashion, is proba-
bly more sacredly garnered up by him, than
even her revolutionary renown.

One sentence fitly spoken may encourage a
timid goodness, or cheer a bosom dejected and
drooping beneath some secret sorrow.

DANGERS OF "MODERATE DRINKING."

When every thing is fair around us—when
every wind is propitious—while we are sailing
in the calm, open sea, we feel safe—safe in the
consciousness of our strength. We feel that
there is no danger of our falling, while yet we
have not taken the initiatory step in the down-
ward path. A few months ago, one of our citi-
zens launched his boat upon the waters of yon
river. The current ran quietly beneath him—
he saw no danger, although he was violating
God's holy Sabbath. He floated along in com-
plete security—venturing nearer and still near-
er the point where his strength would prove un-
availing against the rapidity of the current. Still
he is secure—relying upon his own strong arm.
A little farther on his bark is borne—swifter
glides the current—in the distance the smoke of
ascending spray is seen—and, hark! what sound
is that which breaks upon his ear? 'Tis the
roar of the mighty cataract toward which he is
driven. He is at length aroused—he plies the
oar—he redoubles his efforts—he strains every
nerve to its severest tension. But he is still
borne on—his strength is unavailing; he is pass-
ed the point beyond which no human arm can
save. The maddened waters—leaping—foam-
ing—lashed into fury upon the rocks beneath—
break upon his vision. Despair is depicted upon
every lineament of his countenance. Hope,
that last refuge, takes its flight—all is lost. On
he is driven—his frail bark is dashed to at-
oms—far down into the fathomless abyss of wa-
ters below he is hurled—never again to be re-
covered until the sea shall give up its dead!

Think you that this bears no resemblance to
the course of the drunkard? See yonder young
man—he looks upon the wine when it is red in
the cup. He listens to the alluring song of
pleasure—he ventures a little way upon the sea
of intemperance. He partakes of the social
glass—it may be from the hand of some fair one
upon a festive occasion. He sees no danger in
this, and ventures on. Soon appetite is devel-
oped—an insatiable appetite—which becomes
stronger and stronger the more it is indulged.
But, still, he is blind to his fate. Vicious asso-
ciates are around him—the midnight revel fol-
lows, and is succeeded by a morning of shame
and repentance. He looks about him and sees
the fearful gulf of degradation upon whose brink
he lingers. He resolves and starts back—but,
ah! the demon-spirit has riveted his chains upon
him. Appetite has become too strong for moral
principle—and yet one more struggle and he
is borne on in the maddening whirl of dissipa-
tion. Soon the raging waters appear—his soul
is racked as if pierced by the darts of ten thou-
sand demons—and down, down—oh, God! he
sinks—he is lost for time, and for eternity.

There is no safety except in meeting the
tempter at the threshold and vanquishing him,
ere he has fastened upon us.

[Buffalo Christian Advocate.]

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS—FEMALE BEAUTY.

—The ladies of Arabia stain their fingers and
toes red, their eye-brows black and their lips
blue. In Persia, they paint a black streak a-
round the eyes, and ornament their faces with
various figures. The Japanese women gild
their teeth, and those of the Indies paint them
red. The pearl of the teeth, must be dyed
black to be beautiful in Guzarat. The Hotten-
tot women paint the entire body in compart-
ments of red and black. In Greenland the wo-
men color their faces with blue and yellow, and
they frequently tattoo their bodies by saturat-
ing thread in soil, inserting them beneath the
skin, and then drawing them through. Hindoo
females, when they wish to appear particularly
lovely, smear themselves with a mixture of sa-
ffron, tumeric and grease. In nearly all islands
of the Pacific and Indian oceans, the women, as
well as the men, tattoo a great variety of fig-
ures on the face, the lips, the tongue, and the
whole body. In New Holland, they cut them-
selves with shells, and keeping the wounds open
a long time, form deep scars in the flesh,
which they deem highly ornamental. And an-
other singular addition is made to their beauty
by taking off, in infancy, the little finger of the
left hand, at the second joint. In ancient Persia,
an aquiline nose was often thought worthy
of the crown; but the Sumatran mother care-
fully flattens the nose of her daughter. Among
some of the savage tribes of Oregon, and also
in Sumatra and Arracan, continual pressure is
applied to the skull in order to flatten it, and
thus give it a new beauty. The modern Persi-
ans have a strong aversion to red hair; the
Turks, on the contrary, are warm admirers of
it. In China small round eyes are liked; and
the girls are continually plucking their eye-
brows, that they may be thin and long. But
the great beauty of a Chinese lady is in her feet,
which, in childhood, are so compressed by ban-
dages as effectually to prevent any further in-
crease in size. The four smaller toes are turned
under the foot, to the sole of which they
firmly adhere; and the poor girl not only en-
dures much pain, but becomes a cripple for life.
Another mark of beauty consists in finger nails
so long that ensings of bamboo are necessary
to preserve them from injury. An African beau-
ty must have small eyes, thick lips, a large flat
nose, and skin beautifully black. In New Guine-
a, the nose is perforated, and a large piece of
wood or bone inserted. In the northwest
coast of America, an incision more than two
inches in length is made in the lower lip, and
then filled with a wooden plug. In Guiana, the
lips are pierced with thorns, the heads being
inside the mouth, and the point resting on the
chin. The Tunisian woman, of moderate pre-
tensions to beauty, needs a slave under each
arm, to support her when she walks, and a per-
fect belle carries flesh enough to load down a
camel.

[Scientific American.]

SELLING A WIFE.—The Manchester Courier
gives an account of an attempted sale of a wife
which commenced in front of the Angel Inn at
Stockport, which was stopped by the police af-
ter the bidding, which commenced at seven
pence, had run up to ten shillings. The inter-
ference of the authorities caused great dissatis-
faction to the crowd, many of whom, says the Cour-
ier, believed that the sale of a wife was strictly
legal.

DO YOU TAKE A NEWSPAPER?—We have
heard a good story of an occurrence not far
from Ann Arbor, Michigan, this summer at the
height of the wool season, which illustrates the
disadvantage of not taking a newspaper, so as
to be informed of the value of the articles car-
ried to market.

An old farmer who lives a few miles from
that city, shears one hundred and fifty sheep,
but feels to poor to take a newspaper—yet he
is worth twenty thousand dollars or more, and
has mortgages on numerous farms about him;
but two dollars for a newspaper was considera-
ble, and then the time spent in reading it was
worse than thrown away. He brought his
wool to the city, and seeing the man who had
bought his wool for two or three years past,
enquired if he was buying wool, and being an-
swered in the affirmative, said he had his clip in
town, and wished to sell it. The merchant ask-
ed him what he asked for it. The farmer told
him that he wanted the same price he sold it
to him for last year, thinking it was a round
price, at which the merchant told him if he
would trade out a portion he would take it.—
The bargain was completed and the wool deliv-
ered; when in fact the merchant would have
given seven cents per lb. more than he did for
the last year's clip, if he had asked it, and the
farmer would have asked it if he had thought
of getting it. Now if he had taken a newspa-
per he might have saved thirty dollars in one
year's clip. Yet he went home glorying in his
ignorance, thinking he had received the highest
price paid for his wool.

Do you take a newspaper? If not you may
pay dear for doing without.

PRINTERS AND PRINTING.—J. T. Buckingham,
in his series of reminiscences, in course of pub-
lication in the Boston Courier, speaks of the im-
portance of the printer to authors, as follows:

"Many who condescend to illuminate the dark
world with the fire of their genius, through the
columns of a newspaper, little think of the lot
of a poor printer, who, almost suffocated by the
smoke of a lamp, sits up till midnight to correct
his false grammar, bad orthography, and worse
punctuation. I have seen the arguments of law-
yers, in high repute as scholars, sent to the printer
in their own hand writing, many words—and
especially technical and foreign terms—abbrevi-
ated, words misspelled and few or no points,
and those few, if there are any, entirely out of
place. I have seen the sermons of divines sent
to the press without points or capitals to design-
ate the division of sentences; sermons which
if published with the imperfections of manu-
script, would disgrace the printer's devil if he
were the author. Suppose they had been so
printed. The printer would have been treated
with scorn and contempt as an illiterate block-
head—as a fellow better fitted to be a wood-saw-
er than a printer. Nobody would have believed
that such gross and palpable faults were owing
to the ignorance and carelessness of the author.
And no one but the practical printer knows how
many hours the compositor, and after him the
proof-reader, is compelled to spend in reducing
to a readable condition manuscripts that the writer
himself would be puzzled to read."

**DISCOVERY OF THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT OF
THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES.**—A Greek savant,
M. Simonidis, pretends to have discovered in the
different convents in his country, the archives
of which he has been collecting, the place where
the original of the Acts of the Apostles is hid.
It is, according to his account, in the small is-
land of Antigonis, situated at the entrance of the
sea of Marmora. M. Simonidis has demanded
from the Porte, through the Sardinian Minister,
an authorization to make a speedy research in
that spot in the presence of the learned men of
Constantinople; he particularly wishes to have
some geologists with him, in order to be the
better able to prove that the earth has not been
moved for ages in the spot which he points out.
It is said that the Greek patriarch, fearing that
such an important discovery might lead to fresh
schisms in the Church has besought the Porte
to refuse the authorization asked for. It is how-
ever thought that it will be granted, and that
the search will commence immediately.
[Galignani's Messenger.]

SUSTAINING A CHARACTER.—The "Junior
Editor" of the Sussex Register recently having
made some strictures upon the appearance of
an engine, which, the ladies had adorned
with garlands, they sent him a note, requesting
him, upon pain of their displeasure, to retract.
In reply, he very ungallantly, says:—"We can-
not do that. Persistence in our opinion is with
us a cranological necessity. We have a char-
acter to sustain—a character for which we gave
an itinerant phenologist fifty cents and a puff
—and therein our "firmness" is marked 7,
the maximum notch—a development which we must
live up to or science must suffer."

DYSENTERY AND BOWEL COMPLAINT.—The
Baltimore Patriot publishes the following re-
cipe for these distressing complaints, and strong-
ly recommends a trial of it. One pint of clean
oats, to be browned the same as coffee, but not
to be ground; when browned it is to be put in
a clean vessel, with two quarts of water, then
simmered over the fire until reduced to one
quart; when cool, decant it off. Dose for a
grown person, a common sized tumbler, sweet-
ened with loaf sugar, but no milk or cream.
Three tumblers in almost all cases will afford
relief.

"I hold it to be a fact," says Pascal, "that if
all persons knew what they said of each other,
there would not be four friends in the world.
This is manifest from the disputes to which in-
discreet reports passing from one to another of-
ten give rise."

Ignatius, pastor of the church at Antioch, saw
Christ at his crucifixion, being then 12 years old.
In one of his epistles he says: "I saw Christ
also after his resurrection."

Guard against reading too much, or too rap-
idly. Rather read with attention; lay the book
often down; impress on the mind what you
have read, and reflect upon it.